OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, February 8, 1912. Number 44.

ASPIRATIONS

TO ALBEMARLE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

"A little home beside a mountain stream,
Is all the home I know.
Is there no hope, although I here may dream?
Is there no spot where I may catch a gleam?
Ah whither shall I go?"

"My heart is panting,, for a wider sphere.
My busy mind would grow.
The schools could teach me much I would know here.
Ah I would gain a vision pure and clear.
My chances are so slow.

"The schools are for the daughters of the rich.
The mountain girl is poor.
She looks for some obscure and humble niche,
Where she may hope to scramble from the ditch,
And gain a little lore."

Ye men of wealth, there's no where on our sod,
A spot where gold will pay
Such interest, as shall make you rich toward God,
As where the poor are feeling now the rod,
In mountain homes to-day.

Come! bring your gold, endow the schools to-day.
Illumine homes obscure.
Make such investments as shall find their way
Beyond these homes, these empty homes of clay,
Bear interest evermore.

Wm Laurie Hill.
Barium Springs, N. C. Jan. 25 1912.

COLEMAN'S COLLIE; THE TALE OF A DOG

By M. S. Rockwell

It was one of the first warm-like days of early spring, and the farmers from the surrounding country had come into town upon various errands touching the near approach of seed-time. They were a hardy, contented looking lot, hurrying up and down the single street of business houses in the village, each carrying his own particular purchase—one a plowshare, another a pair of rubber boots, while still others carried bundles and packages of goods for use in the household.

Among this crowd of jolly, jostling men, was John Harbour, the youngest farmer in the county—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow—strolling aimlessly about with his hands thrust deep into his pockets of his light, sadly-faded overcoat. He had not come to town for the purpose of trading, but had been summoned to appear in court. His farm, one of the most remote in the settlement, adjoined a quarter section of hayland belonging to a certain Mr. Hardcastle, a wealthy landowner having the reputation of being an exceedingly hard man, and unpleasant neighbor.

A short time before the opening of this story, John had been burning off his hay-land. He lost control of the fire and it had gotten onto Hardcastle's land and burned up one of his hay ricks. John had offered to pay for the hay, but Hardcastle recalled a certain thrashing the young farmer had given him at a heated political meeting, and seized upon this violation of the prairie fire law, as a means of evening up with him. This meant ruin for the court, in its zeal to punish carelessness in handing such fires, would undoubtedly impose a heavy fine, and Hardcastle knew that in order to pay it, John would have to sell his seed wheat. That would render impossible a crop next year, and hence, no money with which to meet the fall payments on his machinery; and following this would be the sheriff and the ultimate loss of his farm.

These thoughts, and the thought of a pretty, patient little woman, for whom he was struggling hard to make a home, were what occupied the young man's mind, as he walked here and there, aimlessly, about the town.

"Twelve ten," he muttered, as he paused in front of the Bascomb House, and looked at his watch, "very nearly two hours to wait yet."

Everybody was at dinner and the streets were almost deserted. except that the bench in front of the hotel bore its usual unkemt-looking line of town loafers. They smoked, gossiped, and expectorated great quantities of tobacco juice on the sidewalk. Nothing seemed to escape their notice, and no subject was too trifling for discussion.

"I see Chambers has been getting a new set of harness," said one.

"Yes," answered another lounger, "and less than a week ago he bought that cart. Seems to me the old man is going it pretty steep on the strength of next fall's crop."

Harbour listened in an abstracted way to their chattering, and watched a dog that came trotting down the middle of the road. The animal was a beautiful Scotch collie, and bore himself with a grace and dignity peculiar to that breed. Several small curs ran out, barking and snapping at him, but he paid no attention to them, other than to raise his ears, as a token of surprise or disdain. He was evidently a stranger to the town. Every little while he would pause, raise one forefoot and point his shapely nose upward, as if trying to catch a scent. There was something pathetic in his intelligent brown eyes, as he drew near to sniff at each of the loafers in turn.

"Mighty fine dog that," remarked one of them.

"Yes; kind of conceited like, though," ventured another, "Wouldnn't wonder if he'd put up quite a scrap."

"We'll soon see," said the red-faced keeper of the hotel, and, rising from his seat at the end of the bench. he reached around and shoved open the bar-room door, "Here, Bill," he called, "here'something good to eat. Come out and try a leg!"

"Are you going to let your bull at him, Jim?" gasped one of the gang.

"Why not? What right has a tramp dog got sniffing around these premises?" growled the landlord.

Something in the loneliness of the poor dog had touched a dozen sympathetic chords in Harbour's nature, and he stepped out from the tree, against which he had been leaning, in a very suggestive manner. Just at that moment a voice seemed to say to him; "You're a fool, John; it was just such a whim as this that got you into trouble with Hardcastle—keep out of it," and the farmer resumed his place by the tree.

But his heart was full of pity, as he saw the innocent animal about to be sacrificed to amuse a mob of heartless loafers, who could be heard chuckling with joyous anticipation, as a big. surly, evil-eyed beast walked slowly out of the door. The dog's well-kept body was of a brindle color, and the brass collar about his neck was almost hidden by folds of fat. Flaps of skin hung down from his square jaws, and his black lips, parted in a perpetual grin, revealed his terrible teeth.

The collie seemed to regard the new arrival with lively curiosity. He had evidently never seen a bull dog before, and was ignorant of his dangerous character. He arched his neck, raised his ears, wagged his tail and advanced to touch noses and get acquainted.

Without making a sound, or betraying the slightest signs of anger, the bull dog darted straight at the unoffending stranger. Snap! went the powerful jaws, not an inch from the graceful throat of the collie. That foolish dog—to the great astonishment of the spectators, after such an unmistakable demonstration on the part of his enemy—made no attempt to escape. Instead, he made another friendly overture; but this was received in no more kindly fashion than the first. Then there was a change. The peaceful, inquiring creature of a moment before, was suddenly transformed into an animal lithe as a panther, bristling with rage, and alert for battle.

The landlord laughed loudly and claped his hands on his knees. "Sic him, Bill!" he roared, "sic him! Eat him up!"

A crowd soon began to gather to see what was going on. Once more Harbour walked out from the tree; wise, or otherwise, he was determined to champion the masterless dog in his unequal combat, and moved about as if his long legs were set on spring.

The dog whose ancestors had roamed the heather-clad hills of old Scotland, soon proved that he possessed the keen brain of his kind. He evaded every charge of his heavier adversary, and, leaping lightly to the rear, bit him mercilessly on hip and leg. The bulldog became furious; the foam dripped from his savage jaws. Time and again he rushed upon his seemingly helpless foe, only to be misled and badly bitten before he could recover himself. His strenuous exertions, however, were beginning to tell upon the supple collie; his leap became less agile, while the tenacious bulldog, though lame and panting for breathe, appeared to grow more savage each moment.

"Grab that cowardly whelp! Just let Bill have one grip on him," bawled the puffing landlord.

One of his louts made a move to obey his order, but returned to his place with considerable haste and Harbour's No. 9 shoe in close proximity to his coat tails. Presently the bulldog made a rush and almost caught the collie in a deadly grip. His glistening teeth grazed the muzzle of his evasive enemy. The latter, by the stinging scratch, seized his heavy antagonist by the hind leg, and, with a quick side pull, rolled him on his broad back. For few moments there was a confused mass of struggling, snarling animals; then the collie leaped to his feet, and the bulldog rose slowly, with a long red gash in his side, and one hind leg hanging limp and broken. Seeing this, the landlord caught up a heavy piece of scantling and rushed toward the victorious collie. But he came to a sudden stop.

"Oh, no you don't, my friend!" said Harbour. "You and your dog started this trouble. Now you and your dog will take what's coming to them. The man that lays a finger on that dog, to hurt him, will feel the weight of these—" brandishing a pair of gigantic fists.

No one moved or spoke, and the collie, who at that moment must have caught some trace of his master, trotted off, with the same innocent, undaunted air that had chacterized his coming. The hotel keeper seized his beaten, whimpering dog by the collar and pulled him inside; the crowd of people standing about jeering him as he did so.

Harbour once more found himself alone, and his heart sank as he turned toward the old implement-shed that served as a town hall. His trouble after the brief excitement through which he had just passed, seemed weightier than ever, and his spirit sank lower, and lower, as he strolled along. A light pressure on his arm caused him to turn quickly about, and there stood the thin, keen-featured, Hardcastle.

"Well?" questioned the young farmer.

"I—I—guess, John," began Mr. Hardcastle. with a slight nervous halt, "I guess we'll call that fire business off. I've just been down and withdrawn the charge. You needn't bother about the hay, either—hay is cheap this spring; and, anyhow, I've lots left. More than that, my teams will be through with the seeding early, and if you are needing any help, come to me. I want to bury tne hatchet, and here's my hand on it."

John stared in speechless astonishment, reaching out his hand mechanically, as he did so. "I—I—I—. Why? What for?" he managed to stammer at last.

Mr. Hardcastle halted astride the side or his wagon box into which he was climbing. "Look," he said, and there were unmistakable signs of moisture in his little, hard gray eyes, as he pointed to the spring seat, where, coiled comfortably on his master's overcoat, holding in his teeth the reins of the restless team, lay the intelligent, collie of the recent fight with the bulldog.

"He was my son Coleman's dog. and was with him when we found him dead in the snow last December, out on the open prairie."

Lost In The Sand Dungeon.

Workmen had been remodeling the house, and there was a great pile of sand in the side-yard. Constance and Georgiana thought it the nicest stuff to play with. They dug sand-tunnels, and squealed with delight when they caved in. They built sand-huts and sand-bridges, and made sand-boats to go sailing on sand-seas. At all hours of the day and every day the sisters were revelling in that pile of sand.

One morning Little Lucy Butler, who lived next door, squeezed herself through the fence where some pickets were off, announced that she had come to play with them.

Constance looked at Georgiana and scowled. Georgiana scowled back. They had been planning such a splendid new play, and now here was Luck! Of course Lucy was to play with them. Sometimes in the winter, when it was too stormy to play out of doors, they liked to go over and play with Lucy—but now! What should they do?

"We aren't going to play just yet," Georgiana said at last. "You run home, and when we want you we'll call you."

"Goin' in house?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," Constance answered, "We're going in now."

Lucy hung about until she saw them start, then she finally disappeared between the pickets.

"I s'pose it's mean," said Georgiana, "but we can't have her bothering."

"While we're getting Clara Belle ready she will go to playing by herself and forget all about it," went on Constance.

By the time Clara Belle was dressed in her pink gingham—which in the play was to be pink satin—little Lucy was not to be seen, and the girls ventured out. The play proceeded finely. Clara Belle was taken prisoner and cast into the sand-dungeon, and the door of the dungeon was banked high with sand. Meantime Lucy did not come back.

But patiently, a little figure back of the fence, down where the pickets were off, waited to be called. Two earnest big eyes watched the play going on. Presently the longing overcame all else, and a plaintive little voice rang out:

"Don't you want me yet?"

"No, not quite yet," replied Constance, turning to her sister with a grimace.

When the time arrived for the imprisoned princess to be released, the sisters started to dig her out of the dungeon, but to their dismay, no Clara Belle appeared.

Then a little dispute arose as to the exact locality of the dungeon.

"It was right here," asserted Constance.

"No, it was here!" declared Georginia.

But although they dug and dug and dug, in both places and between, no gold-haired doll in pink gingham came to light.

With drooping lips and tearful eyes they sought mother to tell her the sad story.

"You'll find her if you keep on digging," was her cheerful councel.

At the piazza door they were confronted by little Lucy. In her arms was Clara Belle!

"I dug her out my own self!" she beamed. "Don't you want me yet? I'm so tired waitin'!"

Constance caught the little one in her arms.

"Yes, I do want you, darling!" she said. "I'm a naughty girl, and you're just as good as you can be to find Clara Belle for us—we don't deserve to have found her either! But we'll play it all over again, and you may put the princess in the dungeon—mayen't she, Georgian?"

"Yes, she may," Georgiana answered.—Emma C. Dowd.

"We have no apology for being in earnest about this thing of foreign missions, and will make none until Jesus Christ tells us He made a mistake in coming to the world as a missionary."

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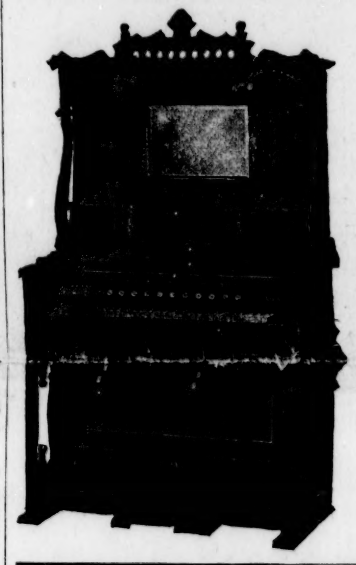

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Thursday, February 8, 1912

SWEAR WORDS IN THE MODERN NOVEL.

The writer loves to read the later and better looks, especially those that have some point to them and illustrate the good side of life. But there has come into the later novels an amount of profanity that is demoralizing to the young reader, and these profane words are just so many blots upon the character of the book.

It is not necessary to tell, in depicting a tough character, just how he gave expression to some profane thought. It is quite enough to say that he was a swearing man, and to describe his rough personality, without supplying his words.

Oaths are always vulgar, and it adds no spice to a novel, to fill the mouths of profane charcters with great swelling oaths that are not only unrefined, but an insult to Our Divine Master.

We can well remember when it was looked upon as not only a sin but a breach of true gentility to print oaths in a novel. Then they progressed so far as to print the initials of an oath, but now the popular (?) author, comes right out and spells Damn with a big D, and seems to think he has done something smart. We think that the press of the country, both secular and religious, should sit down hard upon this ball-faced profanity in the modern novel, and teach these writers to mend both their religion, morals and manners.

THIS THE DAY OF THE REPUBLIC

When the American colonies revolted and conquered an honourable peace with Great Britain, more than a century ago, they determined to banish all tiltes and kingly power, and to initiate a republic.

Following in the footsteps of Venice and of Rome, they determined to let the people rule, and every man was a king in his personal realm. The republic grew, its territory expanded until now, our dominion extends from the British possessions to the gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. Our near neighbour, Mexico, has also been about as much of a republic as men of the Latin race seem to be capable of administering. The fire of republicanism spread into South America, until every acre of that continent became a chain of Republics, except Brazil; nor, did kingly power continue to thrive there. Brazil, too came into line, so that both North and South America are to-day (with the exception of the British possessions) under Republican rule.

The wave of Republicanism keeps on spreading eastward and now we see that wonderful giant, in strength, that is yet half asleep, China, is in the throes of a mighty revolution that no present day prophet sees the end of.

Four hundred millions of pagans, a boiling mass of revolution. Struggling for what? The enlightened Chinaman who has come in touch with the true religion and our Western civilization, knows what he wants. He has been to Europe and the United States; he knows what self government means; and he is tired of a slavish monarchy, that perpetuates the power of one man. The Manchu dynasty has held Central and Southern China, and ruled that people for centuries, but their day of rule is nearly over, and the Chinese rovolution is not going backwards.

In Europe, France set the pace and banished kingly power, and now we see portugal and Spain bubbling and boiling with a revolutionary spirit that means not only freedom but a republican form of Government.

Surely the hand of God is in it all. He "will overturn and overturn," until "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." That is what the Laymen's Missionary movement means to-day. Men are being educated to rule themselves by Divine rule, and this means "the day of the Republic."

Death of Mr. Eusebius T. Goodman.

We copy from the Landmark the following notice of the death of Eusebius T. Goodman, who was born near Barium Springs, and departed this life on Tues the 29th of January at his home in South Iredell:

"Eusebius T. Goodman, best known as "Sief Goodman," was born at the old Goodman homestead in Barium Springs Community. He was a member of a large family and all the survivors of the family we believe, now live in other states. For many years Mr. Goodman was a duputy sheriff under the late T. A. Watts and in that capacity was for a long time one of the best known citizens of South Iredell."

When a good man passes away it is always his due that proper expression be given of his value to the community, and Mr. Goodman left behind him an honoured name.

Honest Little Dick

In all my life I never saw so honest a little cat as our Dick. He not only never stole himself, but he would not allow anyother cat to steal if he could help it. The dear little fellow, however, was strongly tempted once, and came very near losing his good name.

One day the cook carried out a pail of nice frost-fish, and set it down in the yard. Dick was there. Dick was always near by when there was good things to eat. The cook went back into the house, and Dick sat down to wait for her return; and two of his especial friends were at the window upstairs looking down to see what "honest Dick" would do.

The cook was a long time coming back to dress the fish, and all the while Dick kept watchout—now on the pail, now on the kitchen door. At last he went somewhat nearer to the pail, then nearer, then nearer. Ah! frost-fish smell so good. Dick's little nose almost touched them. And then he sat down and cried at the top of his voice for the cook to return quickly and save him from being a thief.

But she did not come. At last Dick put his forepaws on the edge of the pail. Then he looked at the kitchen door and cried again. But the door did not open. So slowly, softly a paw reached down in the pail. But it came back with a jerk, empty, and its owner ran around the corner of the house where he would not smell those nice frost-fish any more. He did not want to be a thief, and we believe the little fellow never came so near it again.—Little Folks.

The Rainy Day

A young girl was looking over her diary for the old year. Suddenly she exclaimed, "What a rainy year last year must have been, mother! It seems as if my dairy just overflows with rain, rain, rain. Hear this: 'A rainy day,' 'More rain;' 'Stormed all day;, 'A shut-in day on account of rain;' 'Showers,' 'Cold rain;' 'Rain and slush,' and so it goes on. Isn't it funny, and yet it doesn't seem to have been such a stormy year, as I look back."

"Have you found any reference at all sunny weather in your diary, Mabel?" asked her mother.

"No-o. I can't say that I have," replied the girl, hesitatingly.

"You see, you have taken all the pleasant days for granted, dear," said her mother, smilingly. "You don't mention the sunny days, but when there comes an occasional day of rain you are careful to enter a complaint in your diary. Is that quite fair?"

"No, no—of course not!" cried the girl. "But, realy, I never thought of it in that way. I see now the reason why I mentioned the rainy days was because they came so rarely, not because they came so frequently. It was simply their not coming very often that reminded me to put them down! The sunny days came so regularly that I never thought to speak of them."

"There is something for you to bear in mind through life, dear," her mother reminded her. "In just the same way, our blessings of every kind so exceed our trials that we do not think to give our Heavenly Father credit for them. We take our innumerable daily blessings for granted, but when anything goes wrong, what a cry of complaint we raise! There may be no more than half a day of showers in a fortnight of sunshine."—Ex.

Watch your Words

Keep a watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey—
Like bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine.
And brighten a lonely life:
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and to help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid
They may flash through a brain like lighting;
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar aud lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlin
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your life, and ever,
From time of your early youth,
May the words that you baily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—Pansy.

Beginning The Day With God

Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with his heavenly Friend. The true Christian goes to his closet both for his panoply and his "rations" for the day's march and its inevitable conflicts. As the Oriental traveler sets outs for the sultry journey by loading up his camel under the palm tree's shade, and by filling his flagons from the cool fountain that sparkles at its roofs, so doth God's wayfarer draw his fresh supplies from the unexhaustered spring. Morning is the golden time for devotion. The mercies of the night provoke to thinkfulness. The buoyant heart, that is in love with God, makes his earliest flight, like the lark, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude faith, dependent trust, all promp to early interviews with Him, who, never slumbering Himself waits on His throne for moaning orisons. We all semember Bunyan's beautiful decription of his Pilgrim's lodgihg over night in the "Chamber of Peace," which looked toward the sunrising, and at daybreak he "awoke and sang." If stony Egyptian "Memnon" made music when the first rays kindled on his flinty brow, a devout heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice. No pressure of business or household duties should crowd out prayer.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Reads Bible In Storm

The Mary Adelaide Randall, a four masted schooner carrying 1,700 tons of coal from Norfolk to New London, encountered one of the fiercest storms of the season and was wrecked on the rocks near Point Judith. Believing that their end had come Captain Groucher gathered his men in the flooded cabin and opened his Bible. In a calm, steady voice the old sailor read the Scriptures to the men who believed they were about to die. Not a man whispered. Outside was pitch darkness. The winds roared so loudly and the waves pounded the vessel so furiously that the captain had to raise his voice to a shout in reading. As the ship seemed about to be wrecked to pieces the captain closed the Bible and all hands knelt on the floor. First they repeated in unison the Lord's Prayer and then the captain prayed an earnest prayer for their rescue. He was in the midst of his prayer when one of the men saw the flash of a signal light on the shore a mile away and cried out to his mates. It meant that their plight had been discovered. It was then four o'clock in the morning, and taking hope the seamen clambered to the masts and hung on grimly despite the pitching of the craft. The life-savers finally reached the schooner and the nine men were brought ashore, but not till the surf boat had been abandoned near the rocky coast and the men had swam through the heavy sea to land. There is no storm in the material or spiritual world, and no danger to body, mind or soul in which it will not be the proper thing to read the Scriptures and call upon God for help.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear them cry, and will save them. (Ps. 145: 19.)

Owen Wister, in addition to being an author, has acquired some celebrity as a wit. He was being shaved in a St Louis hotel, while returning from a trip to the West, some time ago, and the barber who was attending to his needs apparently had been out the night before. His hand was very shaky, and several times the author winced.

"Will you have anything on your face when I get through?" the barber inquired when the ordeal was almost over.

"I can't tell yet," mumbled Wister, "but I hope to have part of my nose!"—Philadelphia Times.

This Dog Was a Hero

Toots, a fox terrier, once saved a passenger train on the Lackawanna Railroad from being wrecked near Bloomfield N. J.

The crossing-tender, in addition to raising and lowering the gates, was required to attend to the switch, there being only a single track from Bloomfield to Montclair. On the day in question a west bound train was approaching and the gateman dropped his red flag and ran to throw a switch. and at the same time an eastbound passenger train was rounding the curve and coming down grade towards the crossing.

Toots, who had spent much time around the flag shanty and who was familar with the duties, seized the flag in his teeth and ran up the track. The engineer saw the danger signal and stopped his train just in time to prevent a collision.

Toots died recently at the advanced age of fifteen and was buried with honors.

Ants That Cook.

The habits of the harvester ants have long been known to naturalists. These ants not only harvest and store the seeds upon which they feed, but also plant and cultivate their food seeds annually, says American Medicine Now come reports of an ant, common in Dalmatia, and according to Professor Negel, of the forestry school near Dresden, this ant cuts leaves and gathers seeds aud makes them into a kind of bread.

The seeds are allowed to sprout, after which thep are dried in the sun. Then they are carried underground and chewed into a dough from wnich the tiny cakes are made- These are baked in the sun, then carefully stoweed away for future use.

Some boys cannot see an opportunity until it stands right in front of them and will not get out of their way; and even then they are as likely to fall over it as not The boy who complains that "he never has had a chance" is not a boy with a keen eye for opportunities, or a quick mind to take them.

An impatient and trembling hand cannot unravel a tangled skein. Neither can an angry boy or girl straighten out a misunderstanding with a friend, Patience and good temper will untwist the hardest knot. but nothing else will.

There are two good rules about promises—first, never to make one without thinking it over carefully; second, never to break one when made. The first rule teaches a young mind prudence; the second teaches it honor. without prudence honor is trash; without honor prudence is base.

The principal of a large high school in one of our cities, after a lifetime spent in teaching, testified the other day that "no boy who was in the habit of using cigarettes had ever yet finished the highs school course or recieved a diploma." in all his experience. He said he had become interested in the subject, and observed closely the boys under his care, and that this was the invariable result of cigarette using. It was a rule to which, so far, he had found not a single exception. Those boys who wish to succeed at school will do well to note this rule, and not forget it.

A Few Holds

Hold on to your hand when are about jo do an unkind act.

Hold on to your tonge when you are just ready to spear harshly.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on ts your temper when you are excited or angry or others are angry with you.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and bo you good throughtout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue; it is above all price to you in all time and places.

Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—Exchange.

"Not how much of my money will I give to God, but how much of God's money will I keep for myself."

"Let us fail in trying to do something rather than sit still and do nothing."

"Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others That which is done for self dies."

"Only consistent giving keeps the soul from shrinking."

"God loves givers like Himself."

"Any where, any time, anything, for the Son of Goo and the sons of men."

"God will not look you over for medals, degees ond diplomas, but scars."

"Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self."

"With God go over the sea; without Him not over threshold."

"What I spent I had—what I kept I lost —what I gave I have."

"Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all, He is not Lord at all."

"It is the mission of the Church to give the whole Gospel to the whole world."

"Jesus Christ alone can save the world, but Jesus Christ can not save the world alone."

"We cannot serve God and mammon but we can serve God with mammon."

"No interest in missions? The only explanation is either inexcusable ignorance or wilful disobedience."

"We are leading a crusade, not to take a sepulchre, but to take a world,"

"The Kingdom of God is waiting for the hardearned leisure of the business man."

"This is a lost world to be saved, and not simply an ignorant world to be educated."

"That life is most worth living whose work is most worth while.

"If we have not enough in our religion to drive us to share it with all the world, it is doomed here at home."

"Other people are talking brotherhood, the missionary is exemplifying it."

"This work of missions is the biggest, the most far-reaching, most divine task that confronts the twentieth century man."

"The message for the hour is for the main body to come up to the firing line."

"The curse of your life and of my life is its littleness."

My! But the wind certainly can blow around the skyscraper corners of the big city! It was biting and cutting and tearing at a great rate the other day, and a mere man had to fight against odds to go anywhere in the streets. Dust and snow and torn newspapers whirled about the poor, strugling pedestrians in a blinding cloud. "Watch your step!" that habitual cry of the subway train guards, became an imperative necessity in the mixture of men and automobiles and trucks and trolley cars, while eyes were blinded, hats and coats were tugging to get away, hands were freezing, and a general state of tempest, turmoil, and temper was every where.

Two men collided at the entrance to the subway. A curse and a growl from one of them, as he tried to crowd pass, seemed in keeping with the vicious snarl and bite of the icy wind. The other man laughed good naturedly. "Beg pardon brother," he exclaimed. "Some breezes, eh?"

So they separated, swept along with the wind, yet each man carrying his own particular atmosphere with him. Weather, temperature, winds or season make little difference. A biting chill surrounded one man. Come close enough and you begin to feel uneasy—storm signals are always out. Look out for a nasty bit of weather as soon as you come within the radius of his atmosphere.

The other man carries sunshine and warmth wherever he goes. Even the winter's gale does not blow it away. The frost cannot prevail against it. In a cold, stormy world he is a bright spot of glowing, radiating warmth and brightness, as the oasis is a refreshing island of green in the desert of sand. He melts other people's coldness. He cheers their gloom. He quiets their storm.—Eugene Thiwing in Christian Herald.

"I Am But A Little Child."

Does there not come a time in every Christian's life when, with Solomon, he exclaims: "I am but a little child," even though it may be after long years of disipleship? "A little child" who needs help and guidance at every step, because "he knows not how to go out or come in." yet how much more we seem to know in our youth than we do later on! With what confidence do we face, yea, and solve problems, which, when we have reached years of discretion, appal us with their tremendous,, far-reaching possibilities. Independent, almost insolent, is youth in its first strength.

And, is there not something akin to this, in our first years of discipleship? How eager we are! "Though all men should forsake Thee. yet will not I." And so said they all. But as life goes on the knowledge of our own weakness is forced upon us by countless humiliating falls, until it almost overpowers us. "The more I try, the less I seem to succeed," is our cry. But is it not because we are being drawn nearer to the Light that lighteth every men that cometh into the world? In that clear, heavenly light' we see such heights to be reached, such depths to be explored, that our first efforts sink into insignificance. We, who had so confidently started on our way, start back frightened, because we are beginning to unberstand what it means to follow our Lord.

Thus, brought to a realization of our own weakness, well may we fall down, worshipping before the manger of Bethlehem, and rejoice and be glad that the Incarnate God fully understands and sypathizes, with Him who is but a little child.—Living Church

No harvests are so immutably sure as those of good and evil. Not even the harrow of repentance can hinder the result of an evil deed from maturing and being reaped in the end by the doer.

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

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5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs.....60 cts. per year

☞Send in your clubs.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

Mr. J. M. Cannon of Cornelius spent Saturday the 3rd. with his daughter Mrs. Gibson.

Miss Mattie Tolbert of Troutman, spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend, Miss Miller, at Annie Louise.

Miss Adams, who was called home on occount of the illness of her sister, has returned to her duties as matron of Howard.

Mrs. Carrie McIntyre, of Spartanburg, S. C., spent Friday and Saturday with her children at the Home.

Still hauling our forms to Statesville, we only hope we wont wear away brother Brady's patience before we get our motor going.

We wish to express our heart felt thanks to the good people of Barium for the kindness shown us after the accident last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.

We have had the cut off saw going for days, and have turned huge piles of cord wood into fire stuff; and the way these cold days lick up the wood, is a caution.

There was a little scud of snow, on Friday night, just enough to sprinkle our walks. It is well so little fell, for every flake stuck, and had there been much of it, there would have been a deep one.

Our dining room at Rumple Hall has been made delightfully comfortable these bleak winter days by taking out the one old heater, and putting in two beautiful ones that certainly do the work. Any part of that large room, is now comfortable.

Certainly the wind can cut keen as it strikes you on the campus at Barium: It has a fair sweep when it comes from the West, and swoops down from the Brushy Mountains upon us, with a breath that fairly chills you through and through.

Our pear orchard is looking splendid and should the chilly weather keep back the blooming we will certainly have a glorious pear crop. "So mote it be," for we have missed our pears this winter, more than we can tell.

Mr. R. L. Manship and wife, of Kingman, Arizona, visited Mr. Manship's aunt, Mrs. W. H. Lippard the past week. Mr. and Mrs Manship will visit relatives at Conley, N. C., for a few days, and will then return to their far-away home.

Our editor has gone to take in the Laymen's movement at Chattanooga, and expects to have brother Walch, along. Very few little churches in any Synod in the South will have a larger representation than Little Joe's Church—and if we can take brother Walker too, we know there won't.

Rev. Oscar Mann's Sermon last Sunday afternoon on the miracle of the loaves and fishes was enjoyed by all who heard it; it did us all good. He said that God made use of the lad who had willinly given the little he had and He would use any boy or girl that would dedicate whatever they had, much or little, to His service.

The ladies Missionary Society will hold their regular monthly meeting in the parlor of Lee's cottage on Friday afternoon at 3. 30 o'clock. All the ladies of the community are cordially invited to be present.

Several of the ladies in the community have already joined us in this work, and it gives us peculiar pleasure to welcome any from outside the Home who come. The workers here in the Home have taken hold of the work with great earnestness and have shown by their actions that this is an important field of work in the Master's vineyard.

We had quite an accident down near the Alexander Building on Friday. Mr. Hall, Mr. Perry and Mr. Gibson were at work pulling some pipes out of an old well when one of the levers used by Mr. Perry broke. Mr. Gibson was leaning over bearing hard on his lever, when a large piece of Perry's broken lever struck him just on the left side of his throat and neck, under the ear. Mr. Gibson was insensible for a little while but soon came to, and was taken over to Round Knob and put to bed. Dr. McElwee, of Statesville, was sent by Dr. Adams and dressed the hurt. We are glad to sayt hat Mr. Gibson is getting on comfortably and will soon be out we hope.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Walsh informed Mr. Walker that a friend in Statesvilie had said he would pay $5.00 toward paying the expense of sending one of our boys to the Chattanooga Laymen's Convention. The matter was reported to the children and workers that night at supper. At prayers monday morning an effort was made to secure the necessary amount. It was soon made up by a few parties it was done so easily and all who wanted to subscribe had not yet contributed, hence Mr. Walker determined to see it if the money could not be raised to send a second boy. In a short time the fund was easily raised, a few outside friends at Statesville and Troutman coming to assist in the matter. As a result of this effort two of the boys are sent to the convention Jim Pope and Will Warlick, Rev. W. M. Walsh and Mr. Wm. Laurie Hill have also gone.

Thus Little Joe's church has four representatives in this important gathering. It is hoped that they all may be greatly benefitted aud that our whole body may share with them in the inspiration they receive in the convention.

CASH RECEIPTS

The Cash Receipts published in the issue of January 4 were for October instead of November. The following are the November Receipts:

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTETY

Churches

Washington	$ 3 56
Olivet Mission	5 00
Weldon	2 00

Sunday Schools

New Bern	$ 5 20
Warrenton	5 00
Henderson	5 61
Washington	20 00
Brookston Chapel	1 00

Societies

A. H. Moment Class, Raleigh 1st ch	$20 00
Lad. Aid So, Newbern	3 50
Lad. Aid So, Tarboro	3 50
Ch. Aid So, Washington	2 00

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Churches

Lenoir	$24 00
Clio	2 00
Salisbury 1st	5 00
Waldensian	3 00
Third Creek	5 87
Harrisburg	2 48
Davidson	52 74
Prospect	5 15

Sunday Schools

Davidson	$15 00
Mortimer	3 45
Miss Clara Knox's S. S. class, Salisbury	2 00
Concord 1st	24 88
Salisbury 1st	18 00
Hickory	10 01
Front Street	2 43
Harrisburg	8 59
Cannonville	6 00
McKinnon	3 11

Societies

Lad. of Black Creek ch	$ 5 55
Lad. Aid So., Marion	2 00
Young People's Mis. So., Harrisburg	3 00
Lad. Aid So., Spencer ch	3 00
Lenoir Brotherhood	6 00

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY

Churches

Rowland	$11 00
Broadway	1 90
Bensalem	2 55
Cameron	24 19

Sunday Schools

Mt. Vernon Springs	$ 3 00
Dunn	3 00
Philadelphia	1 51
Antioch	2 45
Ch. of Covenant	5 00
St. Paul's	4 70
Montpelier	4 15
Lumber Bridge	2 70
Big Rockfish	5 00
Carthage	12 05
Smyrna	1 50
Glencho	2 00
Eureka	3 85
Dunn	5 00
Antioch	4 00

Societies

Lad. So. Parkton Ch.,	$ 3 50
Lad. of SmyrnaCh.	3 50
Mt. Vernon Springs So.	5 00
Lad. Aid So. Laurinburg	7 50
Aid and M. So. Sanford	3 50
Lad. Aid So., Jonesboro	3 00
Westminister League Laurinburg	2 00
Lad., Rockingham Ch.	3 00
Lad. Aid Lo., Hamlet	30 00
Lad. Aid So., Raeford	2 00
Lad, Mis. So., Bethesda	15 50
Lad. of Centre Ch.,	5 00
Ministering Ten, Kings Daughters	3 50
Lad. Mis. So., St. Pauls	6 25
Lad. Mis. So., Dunn	8 00

KINGS MOUNTAIN PRESBYTERY

Churches

Shelby	7 73
Loray	5 00
Shiloh	9 05

Sunday Schools

New Hope	6 00
Forest City	7 75

Societies

Lad. Aid So. Lincolnton Ch.	2 00
Lad. Aid So. Stanley	2 00

Mecklenburg Presbytery

Churches

Philadelphia	2 50

Sunday Schools

Huntersville	2 75
Charlotte 2nd Ch	2 50
Lad. Class, Tenth avenue	2 05
Marshville	2 00
Westminister [C]	6 50
Wadesboro	4 00
Primary dept. 1st Ch Charlotta	13 50
Pinevill	4 25

Societies

Christoin Endeavor Williams Memorial Ch	1 36
Lad. Mis. So. Newels	3 50
Lad. Aid So., Westminister(C)	2 50
Lad. Mis. So. Charlotte 2nd Ch.	2 00
Lad. Mis, So., Marshville Ch,	2 50
Lad. Mis. So., Gastonia Ch,	20 00
Lod. Aid ond C. So., Charlotte 1st Ch,	36 00
Lad. Aic So., Providence	3 50
Lad. Aid So., Wadesboro	3 50

ORANGE PRESAYTERY

Churches

High Point	$ 6 00
Winston 1st	200 00
Lexington	4 00
Thomasville	4 00
Ch. of Covenant	10 10
Yanceyville	24 75
Buffalo	2 25

Sunday Schools

Eno	1 50
High Point	8 00
Reidsville	22 87
Westminister (G)	24 00
Durham 1st Ch.	23 03
Mrs. J. M. Rodger's Bible classs Winston 1st Ch.	3 50
Winston 1st	14 75
Chapel Hill	1 20

Societies

Lad. Aid So., Reidsville	3 50
Mis. So., Asheboro	2 50
Lad, Aid So., Walker ave. Ch,	3 50
W. Workers So., N. Wilksboro Church	1 00
Philathea class Burlington,	2 50
In His Name So., Winston Chapel	3 00
Lad. So., Thomasville	2 50
Lad. Aid So. Mebane	3 00
Lad. Mis. So. Leaksville	2 00
Lad. Aid So. N. Wilkeskesboro	2 50

Wilmington Presbytery

Churches

Rockfish	$35 00

Sunday Schools

St. Andrews	6 25
Goldsboro	6 52
Whiteville	1 45
Beth Car	6 44

Societies

Orphanage Aid So., Wilmington	27 10
Lad. aid So.	3 50

Individuals

Mrs. A. P. Thorpe	$ 3 00
Chas. Rankin	18 00
Mrs. W. T. Clark	6 00
Dr. A. S. Rose	6 00
Mrs. J. P. Eddleman	6 00
Friend in Lenoir	12 00
F. P. Tate	6 00
Geo. A. Holderness	6 00
E. A. Snow	6 00
Mrs. Jas. Fearrington	1 00
Mrs. W. A. Sharpe	6 00
J. B. Gourley	1 00
W. S. Sharpe	13 32
Baker, Williamson & Dupuy	6 00
Mrs. Hester U. Leonard	2 00
Mrs. Dillard Watt	25 00
Witherspoon Children	1 25
G. T. Matthews	10 00
D. Y. Cooper	10 00
Mrs. S. F. Wisnoll	3 50
Dr. G. L. Clark	12 00
J. C. Steele	3 00
Mrs. M. H. Wooten	5 00
Mrs. Geo. Stovall	1 00
Miss Margaret Beatty	5 00
Jr. Order, American Mechanics	8 08
Amelia Mears	3 00
F. M. Register	3 00
Oscar High	3 00
Miss N. L. & R. R. Little	10 00
Mrs. R. W. Gwynn	2 00
Geo. Watts, Valinda and Frances Hill	50 00
Friends at Rowland, A. M., J. A. and L. W. McKinnon	100 00
C. E. Graham	50 00
The Keeley Institute	5 00
W. H. Priest	2 00
W. O. Singletary	3 00
A. L. McNeil	5 00
Emma A. Tony	1 00

Press

N. A. Currie	$ 1 00
R. L. Moize	1 00
B. W. Kilgore	1 00
Master Jas. Pass Fearrington	1 00
W. T. Harding	1 00
Wilmington Stamp Works	6 00
J. A. Fetzer	1 00
Ed Mellon Co.	6 50
Mrs. R. H. Latta	1 00
T. F. Tillery	50
Mrs. R. L. Doughton	1 00
W. L. Hill for subs	26 50
Mrs. J. E. Buchan	1 00
S. M. Purcell	1 00
Miss Rena Ballard	1 00
A. S. Grady	2 00
C. G. Vardell	12 50
W. L. Hill for subs	4 50
Rev. Jas. Thomas	50
Mrs. E. F. Reid	1 00
Miss Margaret Beatty	1 00
Dr. Geo. A. Graham	2 00
Mrs. M. S. Bobbitt	1 00
G. M. Young	1 00

Improvements—Water, Lights and Sewerage Plants.

Geo. E. Wilson	$ 5 00
Cann Memorial Ch	7 50
Mrs. J. D. Ross	5 00
Miss Kate McKenzie	5 00
Mt. Pisgah S. S.	8 00
Interest on Brevard note	8 04
Forest City S. S.	3 40
J. C. Irvin	5 00
A. R. Strarhorn	5 00
A. H. Ryne	5 00

Summary

Albemarle Presbytery	$ 78 37
Asheville Presbytery	
Concord Presbytery	213 26
Fayetteville Presbytery	201 86
Kings Mountain Presbytery	39 53
Mecklenburg Presbytery	118 86
Orange Presbytery	375 95
Wilmington Presbtery	86 26
Individuals	419 15
Press	76 00
Improvements, water sewerage and light plants	57 30
Grand total	$1666 24

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Yours truly, Frank H. Fleer. [Signed]
Mr. Fleer has used 2200 bags of the 25000 bags we have ground for our farmers this season. Order right now any quantity you may want and let the sweetening of your soil be going on this winter. A home product at low price.
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A Clever Dog

In one of the magazines someone has told the story of a clever shepherd dog named Prince, who is very fond of the horses which belong to his master.

One day, we are told, a team of horses had been turned out for exercise in a small field close to the roadway from the fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lay a bundle of cornstalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and wanted it, as they showed by their longing glances and stretching of their heads over the fence in a vain endeavor to reach it.

Prince, who had gone down to the field to see his friends, stood watching them clesely. Presently he trotted off down the field to where one of the fence boards had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went back to the bundle of stalks, seized it, ane dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in so doing, and finally placed It before the horses, who at once began eating it, Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bushy tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.—Apples of Gold.

Well, Well, Doctor!

A doctor living in rural parts was recently called upon to visit a patient some way from his office. Driving to where the sick man lived, he tied his horse to a tree in front of the house and started to walk across the grounds. It happened that work was in progress on a new well, of which the doctor knew nothing until he found himself sinking into the earth, He fell just far enought to be unable to get out of the hole unassisted and lustily yelled for help.

When he was finally pulled up the hired man remarked to him: "I say, doc, you had no business down there."

"No, I don't think I had," replied the doctor.

"Don't you know." continued the hired man, "you ought to leave the well alone and take care of the sick!"—Lippincott's.

Queen Of The Home.

Woman is the divinely ordained "queen of this realm," and the tendency of modern life to take her out of it and place her indiscriminately in all positions of social, civic, and industrial activity is a blow at the home. God bless the women who aspire to proficiency as "workers at home" and whose ambition is to fill, in all respects, the vitally important and sublime mission to which God has assigned the sex. If there be any difference in degree touching the importance of the spheres assigned the two sexes, surely the palm goes to woman, since. according to Gods own decree and word, she is in a position to mould the character and determine the destiny of the race.—M. C. Rurfees in Gospel Abvocate.

Sympathy.

"There is no way of helping men, but by bearing what they bear. No man will lighten a sorrow of which he has not himself felt the pressure. The saviours of society have still to be crucified. Jesus Christ would never have been the Lamb of God that bore the sins of the world, unless be Himself 'had taken our infirmitiea and bore our sickness No work of healing will be done except by those whose hearts have bled with the feeling of the mysteries which they have set them selves to cure. You must take blind beggars by the hand if you are going to make them see; and you must not be afraid to lay your white clean fingers upon the feculent masses of corpuption in the leper's glistening whiteness, if you are going to make him whole. Go down in order to lift, and remember that without sympathy there is no sufficient help, and without communion with Christ there is no sympathy."—Alexander Macla, ren.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

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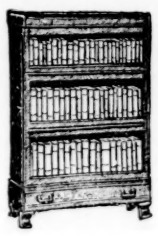

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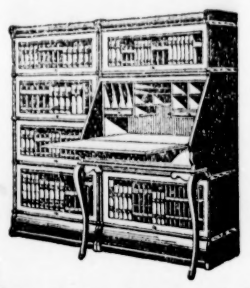

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